

L O R D O R S  
RESURRECTION  
TO  
JOY and TRIUMPH, 7

Expressed in sundry  
SHEWS, SHAPES, SCENES, SPEECHES,  
and SONGS in PARTS;

Celebrious to the much-meriting Magistrate  
Sir George Waterman  
KNIGHT,  
LORD MAYOR  
Of the CITY of

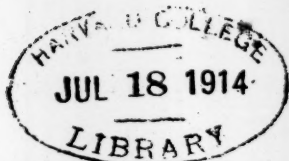
L O R D O R S.  
At the Peculiar and Proper Expences  
of the Worshipful COMPANY of  
SKINNERS.

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Written by THO. JORDAN.

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# L O N D O N ' S RESURRECTION

T O

## JOY and TRIUMPH,

Expressed in sundry

Shews, Scenes, Speeches, and Songs  
in Parts :

Celebrious to the well-meriting Magistrate

Sir *GEORGE WATERMAN* Kt. &c.

### *The Mornings Preparation.*

**T**HE Citizens designed for the Duty of the Day assemble about seven of the Clock in the Morning at *Skinners* Hall.  
1. The Master, Wardens, and Assistants, in Gowns faced with Foyns.

2. The Livery, in Gowns faced with Budg, and their Hoods.
3. Divers Foyns Batchelors, in Gowns and Hoods.
4. Near upon Thirty Budg Batchelors in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.
5. Thirty Gentlemen-Ushers in Velvet Coats, each of them a Chain of Gold about his Shoulder, and a white Staff in his Hand.
6. Thirty other Gentlemen for bearing Banners and Colours,

some in Plush Coats, and some in Buff; they also wearing Scarfs about their Shoulders of the Companies Colours,

7. Several Drums and Fifes, with Red Scarfs, and the Colours of the Company in their Hats, Red and Yellow.

8. The two City-Marshals, riding each of them on Horse-back, with six Servitors to attend them, with Scarfs and Colours of the Companies.

9. The Foot-Marshal, and six Attendants, with the like Scarfs and Colours.

10. The Master of Defence, with the same Scarfe and Colours, having ten Persons of his own Quality to attend him.

11. Threescore Pensioners, accommodated with Gowns and Caps, each of them employed in carrying of Standards and Banners.

12. Divers other Pensioners, in Blue Gowns, White Sleeves, and Black Caps, each of them carrying a Javelin in the one Hand, and a Target in the other, wherein is painted the Coat-Armour of their Benefactors.

*Being thus, in every Punctilio, accommodated,*

They are by the Foot-Marshal divided into seven Divisions, and ranked out two by two, beginning with the inferiour part of the Standard-bearers; and in the Head of them are placed two Drums, one Fife, and one Gentleman bearing the Companies Ensign.

In the Rere of them, two Gentlemen bearing Banners, being the Arms of deceased Benefactors.

After them march the aged Pensioners in Gowns, and in the Center of them fall in two Drums beating the *Switzers* March.

In the Rere of them fall in three Drums, one Fife, and two Gentlemen in Plush Coats, bearing two Banners or Ensigns: After them fall in six Gentlemen-Ushers; And in the Rere of them, the Budge Batchellors.

The next successively, following them, two other Gentlemen bearing two other Banners or Ensigns; After them fall in six Gentlemen-Ushers; And after them the Foyns Batchellors.

In the Rere of them fall in two Drums and a Fife; then two Gentlemen, the one bearing the Lord Mayors, the other the City-Banners:

Banners: After them, twelve Gentlemen-Ushers; And after them, the Court of Assistants.

In this Equipage of two and two (till taking in his Lordship and his Attendants) the whole Body march toward *Guild-hall*, and from thence through *King's-street* toward the *Three-Crane Wharf* and *Vintree*, and there they enter their several Barges, his Lordship at the Stairs next *Westminster*, the Company at another pair of Stairs, and the Gentlemen-Ushers, and Budge Batchellors, and Foyns Batchellors to their Place of Reception.

His Lordship being Landed at *Westminster*, and performing the accustomed Ceremony at each Court, and come to the Exchequer-Bar, the Lord Chief Baron makes a Speech to him, which being ended, the Lord Mayor and his Retinue marching round *Westminster-Hill*, repair to their several Barges, and hasten to *Baynards-Castle*, where the Batchelors are ready set in order by the Foot-Marshall, as in the Morning, to attend him; and both Bodies conjoined, do march up *Paul's-Wharf-Hill*, into the Church-yard, and so into *Cheapside*, where his Lordship is entertained with the first Pageant, which is thus described.

### *The First Pageant*

**R**epresenteth a Wilderness, consisting of variety of Trees, Bushes, Shrubs, Brambles, Thickets, inhabited and haunted with divers Wild Beasts, and Birds of various kinds and colours. In the Front of this Scene are two *Negro* Boys, properly Habited, and mounted upon two Panthers, bearing the Banners of the Lord Mayor's and the Companies Arms. In the Rere of these, in the same Pageant, is erected a stately Structure, formed in the Figure of a Pyramid, with four Triumphal Arches; and in the Front-Arch sitteth a Person who representeth *Orpheus*, habited in a Silk Robe striped with many colours, his Shoulder adorned with a large Scarf of Cloth of Gold, on his Head a long and crispy hair, invested with a *Cesar's* Wreath of Laurel, all the Leaves tip'd with Gold; in his Hands a Lyre with strings of Gold, on which he appears in the posture of playing; on his Legs are Buskins, laced with Silver, after the Roman mode; upon each Wing of him a Satyr properly habited; which together with the Wild Beasts are continually moving,

ving, dancing, curvetting, and tumbling to the Musick of a Satyr, which is playing on a Ho-boy; amongst the which an active Bear takes hold of a rope (which is pendant from a very high rope extended cross the street) with his teeth and paws, shewing sundry tricks. In the rear of *Orpheus* is a beautiful woman, in a glorious and proper habit, representing *Amity*; a long dishevel'd hair, on her head a Coronet of Gold, and in her right hand a Javelin. Lastly, elevated on the highest part of the Pyramid sits a female *Negra* richly and properly adorned with Silver, Gold, and Jewels, representing *Africa*. *Orpheus* standing up to the person of the Lord Mayor, speaks this following

## S P E E C H.

**I**N the *First Age* when *Innocence* began  
 To spread her Splendour in the Soul of Man,  
*Union* fill'd all the *Universe* with free  
 Felicious and Seraphick Harmony.  
 All parts of the *Creation* did consent,  
 And the *world* was one well-tun'd *Instrument*:  
 Dog, Bear, Wolf, Lamb together did agree,  
*Nature* it self knew no *Antipathy*.  
 But when the Peace was broke by mans Transgression,  
*Revenge* with *Rage* and *Ruine* took possession;  
*Disorder* rioted, and (in conclusion)  
 Old *Amity* was turn'd into confusion.  
 But *Orpheus* whose person I present  
 (The *Hieroglyphick* of good Government)  
 By the sweet power of his harmonious hand,  
 Reduc'd their salvage Natures, made 'um stand  
 Listen, attend, and with their active paws  
 Dance and conform their feet to *Musicks Laws*.  
 Such is the power of *Concord*, and *Consent*,  
 The very soul of humane Government.  
 Then, my most honour'd Lord, since 'tis your due,  
 I do resign my *Instrument* to you,  
 That can play better to Mens *differing* ears:

The *Type* must vanish when the *truth* appears.  
 This City (which my *Pageant* doth exprefs)  
 May very well be call'd a *Wilderness*.

A Wood where all the Wild and Brutish Creatures  
 Lie lurking in the Dens of mens bad Natures;  
 Which, if you can reduce, you will be fam'd  
 For quelling more than ever *Orpheus* tam'd:  
 No doubt but your endeavours will be shown  
 And you'l perform it (if it can be done.)

*Your Wisdom, Prudence, Temperance, and Fate*  
 Have mark'd you, for this City's *Magistrate*;  
 This City which inflam'd with its own guilt,  
 In seven years time was Burnt and may be built:  
 Thanks to your *Lordship*, and those prudent powers  
 Which joyn'd with you, the *City Senators*.

My Lord, it is your *Destiny* to rise  
 From one of the most ancient Companies  
 In this Metropolis, we hope y<sup>e</sup> are one  
 That will restore our long-lost *Union*.  
 'Twill make us *Rich*, and *Righteous*, and please *God*,  
 Firm to our Friends, fierce to our Foes abroad.  
*Union* breeds *Peace*, and *Plenty* in a Land;  
 But Cities self-divided, *Cannot stand*.

*The Speech being concluded, his Lordship and his Retinue move through Cheapside, and by the way is represented to his view this second Scene, or Pageant following.*

### *A Description of the Second Pageant*

**I**S a most Magnificent and Imperial Palace of Pleasure gloriously adorned, and exceedingly enriched with several Shields of the Cities, the Lord Mayor's and the Companies respective Arms; as also with many imbellishings and beautiful exornations from the Base to the extream altitude of the Superstructure in a pyramidical Figure. In the front sit four female Figures rich and properly habited, representing *Justice*, *Temperance*, *Peace*, and *Plenty*; with four  
 Nymphs

Nymphs in different Robes, sitting at their feet as Attendants, bearing Banners, with the Emblems painted on them; intimating the nature, faculties, function, and quality of the precedent Vertues whom they attend. And on the most high and eminent part of this Structure, is elevated a person aptly attired, representing *Fame*; on her Head a Crown of Gold, on her Shoulders Wings of divers coloured Feathers, and in her Hand a Trumpet, on which is hung his Majesties Royal Banner of *Great Britain, France, and Ireland*, whom God long preserve.

His Lordship having sufficiently viewed this beautiful Building, and the Figures; he with his Attendants retire into the *Guild-hall* to Dinner, where the Tables wait to supply their Appetites, furnished with more Plenty, and Variety, Cookery, and Curiosity, then is to be had in any one place at any one time, amongst the most Celebrious Feasts in the Christian world; where his Lordship attended by the Waits of the City is accommodated with variety of excellent Musick both Loud and Soft, Vocal and Instrumental, amongst which this ensuing Song in Parts receives the regard of his Attention.

*A Song consisting of three distinct Voices, with a Chorus to each; purposely composed for my Lord Mayors Table.*

1. *Koyce.*

Come let us concord  
 In a Verse to my Lord,  
 Whose Tables do shine  
 With Viands and Wine;  
 Whose Welcome and Wishes  
 Are free as his Dishes:  
 Good Claret will warm ye,  
 Here's nothing can harm ye,  
 Canary doth make but a few sick:  
 My Lady invites ye  
 To all that delights ye,  
 Whose spirit and words  
 Agree with my Lords:

Then



Then taste the fat bounty  
Of every County ;  
Here is no misprision,  
All points of Division  
Are banish'd but what's in the Musick.

Chorus.

*Let joy and health,  
With peace and wealth  
Support his power who is  
The prop of London's fair Metropolis.*

2 Voice.

Lord of that City, now the Seat  
Of all that we call good and great ;  
Into whose lap is daily hurl'd  
The various treasures of the world ;  
Here is at all times to be had  
The best of good, and worst of bad :  
Here men get wealth with switch and spur,  
And change their Fustian into Fur ;  
But, at the last, to crown their pains  
Their wisest Free-men are in Chains.  
Here young Sons of indulgent Mothers  
Grow richer than their Elder Brothers.

Chorus.

*Then let the Cities Health go round,  
May it in treasure still abound,  
And be with Peace and Plenty Crown'd.*

3 Voice.

Here Justice and Mercy are very well mixt,  
The Sword and the Scabbard are faithfully fixt,  
Which are born upright, not conceal'd like a Hanger  
And truly some say it was ne're drawn in anger :  
For fowlest Offenders are better kept under,  
When Justice and Passion are farthest asunder.  
Dame London's secure, the King so hath kept her  
Therefore let her Sword submit to his Scepter :

B

Then

Then who can the power of my Lord Mayor withstand,  
Whilst he doth present the great Lord of the Land.

*Chorus of all three.*

*Then Lady London let thy Beams  
That Town where Tyber streams,  
Till all the world enrich the Thames.*

This Song being sung and applauded, a chearful and temperate Cup of Wine goes about; in the mean time the Consort of Musick play two or three lutes of Airs; which being ended, they make provision for a piece of Drollery to be sung in Parts, and Shapes by these three, *viz.*

*Hoyden*, the Country-man of the West. *Freeman*, the Citizen.  
*Billet* the Souldier.

*Enter Hoyden.*

*Hoyd.* FROM how-d'ye call Town in what call y'um zhere,  
To *Lungean* cham come, Lord what vine volks are here;  
Zure thick is the place Ich zmiell the good cheer:  
Chil knock at the gate then—what ho! God be here. [Knocks.]

*Enter the Citizen.*

*Freem.* What are you Sir?

*Hoyd.* A West-Country mon Sir. (*Free.*) Good Bumkin forbear,  
Such Hobnails as you are do seldom come here.

*Hoyd.* Uds zooks here sa vellow would make a man zwear;  
Ich come to speak Sir with Mr. Lord Mayor:

*Free.* What to do Sir?

*Hoyd.* To zee his vine Doublet, his Chain, and his Ruff,  
His Beaver, his Gown, and zuch vinical stuff:

*Free.* And what do you think of a kick or a cuff?

*Hoyd.* If my whip will but hold vaith chill give thee enough;  
And well laid on. [Whips him.]

*Free.* Hold hold prethee Country-man be not so hot.

*Hoyd.* Chave a great mind to lay a long lace on thy Coat.

*Free.* Prethe tell me thy name, and my Lord Mayor shall know't?

*Hoyd.* My name is *Tom Hoyden*, what zayst thou to that?

*Free.* *Tom Hoyden*?

*The*

*The Tune alters.*

Then *Tom Hoyden*, pack hence to *Croyden*;

The Country's fitter for thee.

*Hoyden*. Though you abhor us, and care not vor us,  
Without us you can no be.

*Free*. We can live without you, and your rural rout.

*Hoyd*. Did we not vittle your house  
My Lady Mayrefs with all her Fairies  
Would zhitt as small as a Moufe.

*Free*. We have mony. (*Hoyd.*) And we have honey.

*Free*. We have the Silver and Gold.

*Hoyd*. We have fuel. (*Free*) And we have Jewel.

*Hoyd*. And we have zheep in the vold.

*Free*. We have Silk enough. (*Hoyd.*) We have milk enough.

*Free*. We have treasure untold.

We have means and ease. (*Hoyd.*) We have Beans and Pease,  
Bacon hold belly hold.

*Free*. We have forces. (*Hoyd.*) And we have horses.

*Free*. And we have powder and shot.

*Hoyd*. We have Pullets. (*Free.*) And we have Bullets.

*Hoyd*. And we have spirits as whot.

*Free*. We have Honours. (*Hoyd.*) And we have Mannors.

*Free*. And we are wall'd about.

*Hoyd*. But when we begin to keep our Cattell in  
Vaith you'l quickly come out.

*Free*. We have Gallies. (*Hoyd.*) And we have Vallies.

*Free*. And we have Cannons of brafs :

We have Feathers. (*Hoyd.*) And we have Weathers  
On Mountains matted with grafs.

*Free*. We have Wine and Spice, Sugar, Fruit, and Rice.

*Hoyd*. We have good Barley and Wheat,  
And were we put to t, better can live without  
Money than you without meat.

*Chorus of both Voices.*

*Both*. *Then since 'tis so that we cannot be  
Without one another, let us two agree ;  
Let the Country prove fruitful, and City be free.  
No Climat in Europe so happy as we.*

[They stand aside.

*Enter Billet the Souldier. The Tune changeth.*

**Bill.** He that would be made by a Soldiers Trade,

Let him be encourag'd by me :

For never did any men gain by the Blade

As we have in Forty three.

**Hoyd.** What Gallant is that ? (*Free.*) It seems a Soldat.

**Bill.** Good morrow. (*Hoyd.*) Good morrow to thee.

**Bill.** Why how now, good Friends, what, all for your ends

Will you make up a Peace without me ?

You know in a word the Power of the Sword.

**Free.** A Cannon can conquer a King.

**Bill.** A sharp Sword will make a City to shake.

**Hoyd.** Vaith you have the World in a Zling.

**Bill.** Compare the whole Land to the Parts of a Man.

**Hoyd.** The Countrey's the Legs and the Toes.

**Free.** And, without a Riddle, the City's the Middle.

**Bill.** The Soldier's the Head. (*Hoyd.*) And the Nose.

**Bill.** Though now we wear Blades, we once were of Trades,

And shall be whilst Trading endures :

Our Officers are, although Men of War,

Some Goldsmiths, some Drapers. (*Hoyd.*) And Brewers.

**Bill.** They fortunate are, and valiant in War.

**Free.** They were so. (*Hoyd.*) Che very well knew 'um.

**Bill.** Some of them were Lords. (*Hoyd.*) Some of 'em wore Cords,

And went up to *Hangum tuum*.

**Bill.** Do you get encrease, we'll guard you with Peace,

The Sword shall not come where the Ax is :

We'll take off your Cares, we'll take off your Fears.

**Hoyd.** I but when will you take off our Taxes ?

**Bill.** We keep Nations from ye, that would overcome ye,

Whilst you do Plow, Harrow, and Thresh :

The *Frenchman's* our own. (*Hoyd.*) Faith, What's bred in the

Will hardly get out of the Flesh.

(*Bone*

*The Tune changeth.*

**Free.** Then, Sir, the City still shall sit ye

With what you deserve.

**Hoyd.** The Countrey Cow-man, and the Plow-man

Will not let thee starve.

**Free.** With

*Free.* With Buff and Bever we will ever  
Bless thy Back and Head.

*Hoyd.* We'll give thee yearly Wheat and Barley,  
For thy Beer and Bread.

*Free.* I will give thee Silver, and enough good Ammunition.  
I deal to this Condition.

*Hoyd.* And so do I, introth.

*Bill.* I will spend my Blood, Sir.

*Free.* And I will waste my Treasure,

*Hoyd.* To do the Soldier pleasure.

*Bill.* Why now I thank ye both.

*Chorus of all Three.*

*Let the City, the Countrey, the Camp, and the Court,*

*Be the Places of Pleasure, and Royal Resort :*

*And let us observe, in the midst of our Sport,*

*That Fidelity makes us as firm as a Fort :*

*A Union well-grounded no Malice can hurt.*

[*Exeunt.*]

At the Conclusion of this Droll the Second Course comes in. In the mean time they found a Lesson on the Ho-boys, Cornets, and Sackbuts ; and after all the Varieties are orderly marshall'd upon the Table, the Mutick are prepared with another Representation to salute his Lordship, which consisteth of three Parts, *viz.*

A Countrey-man, A Citizen, and *Sedition*, an old Instrument of  
*Oliver's Faction.*

*Enter Countrey-man in a very melancholy posture.*

**W**Aw's mee, that ere che did zee

Thick vamous vine Zity ;

Two year vrom Zummerzet-zheer

Hath quite convounded me.

A Zittizen in the Cuntry did zay

To mee, *Tom Hoyden*, Leave making Hay ;

Go zell thy Land away, take Money vor't,

And buy thee a Place at Court ;

Leave off thy Leather Breech, Brown Bread, and Milk,

Go there, and be cloth'd in Zilk.

2.

One hundred Pieces will there  
 Buy vower score Pounds a year:  
 Thou zhalt be every day drest,  
 Quoth he, in Tunick and Vest;

A dozen Dishes, each day thou dost dine,  
 Zhall be zerv'd to thee with Zongs and Wine.  
 Thought I, if thic be tru, ch'll speedily  
 Zell all, and a Courtzol bee:  
 Ich zold my Corn away, Cattel, and Cart.  
 And now cham not worth a Vart.

3.

No man was ever zo zerv'd;  
 Vor Ich am welly ztarv'd:  
 Gay Gallantry neat and vine,  
 But neither Meat nor Wine.

The Buttery Hatch is vlow'n off o' the Hooks,  
 And the Deel's run away with the Cooks;  
 Not zo much Zuet i'th' Kitchen as can  
 Zerve one for a Zop i'th' Pan.  
 Thought I to zelf, if it be zo,  
 Which way do the Taxes go?

4.

Now Ich am into *London* Town come,  
 'Chave zmelt out the Dining-room,  
 Rare Meat, and Musick is got  
 To play't in piping hot;

Although that Gallants of Honour may boast,  
 I zee that Zitizens rule the Roast,  
 And will be Conquerours unto the deeth,  
 If't come to be try'd by th' Teeth.  
 That Government's good where a Zurloin of Beef  
 Is made a Commander in Cheef.

*The Tune changeth. Enter a Citizen gazing up and down.*

*Cit. London* now beginneth to shew it self,  
 And in Splendour agen to appear.

*Count.* Ich know not where nor how to bestow my zelf, [*Aside.*  
 Though by chance cham gotten in here.

*Cit. Rome*

*Cit.* *Rome* was not, in her high Degree,  
More glorious than this will be:

Though in Rubbish lately 'twas hurl'd,  
'Twill be a Sight for all the World.

*Count.* Of sight and zent chave had my vill,  
But my Gut is empty still.

6.

Zweet Zur, kind Zur. (*Cit.*) What's your design with me?

How came *You* here? (*Count.*) In at the Gate:

Neat Zur, vine Zur, che come to dine with thee,

Drink Zack, — (*Cit.*) Butler, look to your Plate;

Since such Whipters amongst us are,

'Tis reason we should beware:

In the Shapes of Countrey Elves

Cheats do often hide themselves,

*Count.* Though chave been chous'd by *Londonous* men,  
Chave not yet learn'd to cheat agen.

7.

Chave good report as any in *London*, Mon,

Where che was born, in *Zummerzet-zbeer*;

'Twixt Cart and Court Ich now am an undon Mon,  
Vool'd and gull'd. (*Cit.*) But how cam'st thou here?

*Count.* Zold my Lond. vor a Place at Court;

But now Ichave nothing vor't:

It was by a Zitizen's means

Che vorzook my Bacon and Beans,

Cow, and Plow, and Harrow, and Corn,

Lond, and Place, and Gilt forlorn.

8.

*Cit.* Some forsaken dangerous High-way-man,

And hast late committed some evil.

*Count.* Thou'rt mistaken, that ne re was my way, Man.

*Cit.* Carter turn'd Courtier may couzen the Devil.

*Count.* But a Zity-mons Vaith and Troth  
Is able to chouse them both.

*Cit.* Get thee gone to *Zummerzet-zbeer*,  
Thou shalt stay no longer here.

*Count.* The Countrey did not zerve ye zo  
In Zixty vive, six years ago.

9. When

When the Zity was in calamity

By the Vire, we zhew'd our true Hearts,  
Love and pity, good will and amity.

*Cit.* So ye did in your Twenty-pound Carts.

*Count.* Though one Zity in Vlamcs did smother,  
Our Waggon did zave another.

*Cit.* 'Tis confels'd, the Cash in the Chest  
Builds another Phenix Nest.

*Count.* Zhall che feed now? (*Cit.*) Prithee go in;  
Ingratude's a monstrous sin.

*As they are going off, Enter Oliver Faction: The Citizen and  
Country-man stand by and observe. The Tune chan-  
geth to another Air.*

*Oliver.* Room for a Lad that hath been a Guest  
At many an Honourable Noble Feast.

How comes 't about

That I am now left out,  
Who lately was so eminently in request?  
From a concealed Committee I came,

*Oliver Faction* is my Name,  
I love as life

To sow the seeds of Strife  
'Twixt Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, Husband, and Wife.

My Nature too is like my Name,

All peaceful Minds abhor it;

I put all Nations in a Flame,  
And give them Reasons for it:

I deal debate

In Church and State,

And bring all in Combustion;

With Low and High

I can comply

From Scarlet Robe to Fustian.

Zealous Factions I can spur,

With Yea, and Nay, and Never stir:

But at the Court

It is my sport



To do as they would ha' me;  
 With Souldiers there  
 I curse and swear  
 The desperat word of dam-me.  
 The Roundheads and the Cavaliers  
 I filled with falshood and fears,  
 A Cov'nant I made  
 To further my Trade,  
 And set them together by th' ears.

[Walks up and down.]

## II.

*Count.* What vellows thick that doth so stare.

*Cit.* I wonder how he came in here,

Where e're he goes.

Conspiracy he shows,

Which commonly doth terminate in deadly blows.

*Count.* Let's kick'n out. (*cit.*) A while forbear.

*Count.* Chil whipp'n till he stinks for fear.

Let's stand aside

And hear his begging pride,

He'l utter something now which he doth use to hide.

*Oliver.* It joys me much to find it hot

With Brother against Brother;

I laugh to see how close they plot

To ruine one another.

Small trifles are

The seeds of War.

Copes Surplices, and Rochets,

Formalities

Will make men rise,

Whose heads are full of Crotchets.

Down with Dagon cries the Zealot,

We will vanquish Pope and Prelate;

And then to work

Like Jew and Turk

Misguided by a Pigeon,

The 'tother stares,

And fruts and swears

He fights for his Religion.

Then in come the Bodkins and Whistles,  
And Roses do Cov'nant with Thistles.

They fight and they die,  
This is brave news quoth I.

*Conn.* Zee zee how he sets up his bristles.

*To another Tune.* 12.

*Cit.* What are you Sir that come  
Into this peaceful room?

Where Amity attends  
Our Loyal Citizens.

*Oliver.* A Jugler that can shew State Tricks,  
Such as were done in forty fix.

13.

Then follow follow me

All you that factious be;

You that are discontent

Against the Government,

I le bring ye amongst valiant fellows

That can lead ye. (*Count.*) To the Gallows.

14.

*Oliver.* If any man's ambition

Dislikes his own condition,

Provided he be wise,

I le teach him how to rise;

I le make a Brewer with his sling

To sway the Scepter of a King.

15.

A failing Citizen

I can make whole agen.

*Cit.* Go seek them out elsewhere,

There's no such persons here.

*Count.* If such a work thou canst go through,

Chil warrant thou'lt vind enough to do.

16.

*Oliver.* If any Prentice wash

Away his Masters Cash,

In swaggering draughts of Wine,

That fellow shall be mine :

At two years old I le make him free,  
*Count.* And vit'n for the Triple Tree.

*Tune changeth 17.*

*Cit.* Renounce ill and leave off the Villany  
 You did in forty fix,  
 When writing and fighting did begger and kill many;  
 But now we have found your tricks.  
 Your Council nor all the bad wit is in  
 Your scull, can turn the tide:  
 You sha not, nor cannot comply with a Citizen  
 That will support your pride.

Their hearts now with faith and reality  
 Are united so much unto Loyalty,  
 Love true Religion and Loyalty,

They to the Sovereign power do fix;  
 Your new knacks will never prevail with us,  
 They did so frequently formerly fail with us,  
*Count.* Therefore thou shalt to the Jayl with us.  
*Oliver.* Prethee forbear thy whips and kicks.

[*Count. whips  
 & kicks him.*]

*Tune changeth. 18.*

*Oliver.* Prethee let me go fair and free,  
 I did never do hurt to thee.

*Count.* Yes you did it in vorty three.  
 When your Meazles did blunder me.

And if cham not much mistaken,

Icham very zure 'twas you

That did vilch my Beans and Bacon:

Cattel to Battel were took from Plow,

Ye did leave me never a Horse nor Cow.

*Oliver.* Where was this? (*Count.*) In *Zummerfet-zbeer.*

*Oliv.* I do confes my men were there,  
 But 'twas in the time of War,

Where huddles and troubles were high and hot,

And I hope that now it is quite forgot.

19.

*Cit.* Get thee gone away from this place.

*Count.* Or thy Tunick Iche mean to lace.

*Oliver.* I will never injurious be  
To the City Society.

*Cit.* If I should put trust in thee.  
I know that no man would trust me.

*Oliver.* Let me stay and thou shalt see  
I'll merrily, cheerily drink a free  
And a hearty Cup to his Majesty.

*Cit.* On these terms I'll let thee stay;  
But yet before we drink wee'll pray  
That this ascending City may  
By Fire or Sword know no decay,  
Until the very very latter day.

*Chorus.*

*Oliver.* Then in a *Chorus* of Prophetick Spirits  
Wee'll sing forth her fame, and her name, and her merits.

*Cit.* No Cities that are shall ever compare  
With *London* fetch'd out of the flames,  
The City of *Rome* shall in pilgrimage come,  
And *Tyber* shall bow down to *Thames*.

*Oliver.* No Fabricks that be are like this City  
For Structure and beautiful Beams.

*Omnes.* *Rome* shall with her glory so famous in Story,  
Make *Tyber* pay Tribute to *Thames*.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

In this honest, innocent, pleasant, and amicable Recreation the Afternoon is wasted; and Dinner being concluded, the foot Marshal doth rally all the scattered Retinue of his Lordship, and reduce them to their primitive Order as in the morning; only the Pensioners instead of Javelins and Targets carry Torches for lighting his Lordship, and Aldermen, and the Companies in their return from *Guild-hall*; and both bodies being once more joyned together after Dinner, march up *Kings-street* towards *Skinner's-hall*, where the Pageant called the *Wilderness* makes a stand; and the afore said *Orpheus* speaketh the second Speech following.

*Speech.*

## S P E E C H.

*My Lord,*

**T**HE Company on whom I wait,  
 Command me to salute you at your Gate,  
 With their fraternal hearty wishes; may  
 Your joys exceed the glory of this day.  
 May never night approach them, never ill  
 Divert them, but be fair and rising still:  
 May you in Traffick no disaster know,  
 Your riches never ebb, but ever flow,  
 Piety be your practice, and the poor  
 Never go empty handed from your door.  
 May you grow up in Honours seat, and prove  
 A Subject for your King, and Cities love.  
 May you live centuries of years and see  
 Your self still young in your Posterity.  
 And so your Company bids (in your own right)  
 Good morrow to your Glories, not good night.

Which ended, and his Lordship entred his house, all depart in order, as the conveniency of night will permit; and the several persons appointed to attend the service of the day, take especial care to lodge the Silk-works and triumphs in some secure place, till they can remove them to *Skinners-ball*, in regard they are of some weight, and the burthen of the day was heavy to the undertakers.

## POSTSCRIPT.

*After this Copy, as I thought, was perfected by the Committee, and the Papers gone to the Press, I was further advertised, that there would be another Pageant, which is a Forrest, properly accommodated with several Animals, Sylvans, Satyrs, and Wood-Nymphs sitting and stirring in very good order; the Nymphs attired in various coloured Robes, and (in the front) are two Negroes richly adorned with Oriental Pearl and Jewels, mounted upon two Panthers.*

Near to the presence of the King, Queen, Duke, and other Beams of the Royal Family, near Milk-street end is a Stage erected and fixed, where the much magnified Jacob Hall and his Company express the height of their Activity in Tumbling, and the like.

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F I N I S.

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